

**The Evening World.**  
 ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.  
 Published Daily Except Sunday by the Free Press Publishing Company, No. 22 to 24  
 51 Park Row, New York.  
 RALPH J. PULITZER, President, 51 Park Row.  
 J. ANDREW KILPATRICK, Treasurer, 51 Park Row.  
 JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 51 Park Row.  
 Second-class postage paid at New York as Second-Class Matter.  
 Subscription rates: The Evening World, for one year, \$5.00; for six months, \$3.00; for three months, \$1.50. Single copies, 10 cents.  
 All countries in the International Postal Union.  
 Entered as Second-Class Matter, July 26, 1916, at New York, N. Y., under Post Office No. 22,065.  
 VOLUME 97, NO. 20,065

## NO MORE STRIKES WANTED.

**N**EW YORK has had enough of strikes. Therefore to the leaders of the striking street car employees of Yonkers and Westchester County who threaten to invade the Metropolis, The Evening World gives this advice:

### KEEP OUT.

With settlement near of the long-standing labor difficulties in the garment making trade, everybody is well pleased. It is not so much concern to the public what are the details of the arrangement or which side wins the greater number of points as that a serious menace to commercial peace and business prosperity is eliminated.

Best of all is the method used of direct negotiation between principals of the two sides without outside assistance. Pressure of public opinion is forcing them together into mutually satisfactory compromise.

New York wants a little tranquillity just now in business.

We have been going through enough trouble in the past two years, and we are still struggling with a lot of great big problems imposed on us from without.

The European war necessitated readjustments on a large scale which are just now beginning to get into working order. Mexican border troubles and the calling out of thousands of our best workers for militia service added another crimp to disturbed conditions of business in many lines.

There is pending, also, the most serious menace of all in the threatened strike of railway employees in all States east of the Mississippi River. For trunk line roads to be tied up would mean disaster to New York City, more than to any other community in the country. We do not want it to happen.

If such an industrial war should be brought on, public condemnation would fall, as it has done in the European war, on the side that started it. The people of New York are in no mood to sympathize with causes animated by mere desire for gain.

There must be a perfectly clear and plainly demonstrated CAUSE OF RIGHT behind any aggressor in the industrial world these days, if the all powerful backing of public opinion is to be expected by either side.

Yonkers has a street car strike that spreads out along its suburban lines. Leaders of the strikers have been organizing men on Bronx lines and intimating that they will call on all traction workers down to the Battery to strike in order to help them.

The Evening World hopes that the men have common sense enough to put a stop to such loose talk as this. The surest way to alienate sympathy of the public is to foster strikes in other communities not concerned in the case. All of us have troubles enough to contend with at home without going out of our way to interfere in other people's affairs.

Suburban communities have erected quarantine barriers against New York's epidemic of infantile paralysis. In return New York can put up barriers against strike epidemics from the outside.

Our workers are well occupied adjusting their own wages and working hours. Most of them are dealing direct with their employers and through mutual concessions endeavoring to get the benefits of surviving business passed around to more people.

We are attending to our own affairs. Keep out, Yonkers.

## THE LAST OF MURRAY HILL.

**I**N EVERY growing city the struggle of favored residential sections to keep out the slowly creeping tide of business is a never ending contest, a never solved problem. In the end, it is almost inevitable that business wins, but sometimes after so long delay that the contested ground has lost its value to both sides. The battle ground has shifted meantime to other regions.

Murray Hill along Madison, Park and Lexington Avenues, between Thirty-fifth and Fortieth Streets, has long been held as a residential oasis principally by the power of the Morgan family. At the corner of Madison Avenue and Thirty-sixth Street the elder Morgan established his home in an old-fashioned brick house many years ago when Murray Hill represented the peak of social exclusiveness, rivalled only by lower Fifth Avenue and Washington Square North.

He organized his neighbors into a home guard and fortified them behind restrictive clauses against business buildings contained in olden time deeds. As long as less powerful individuals were the only enemy, they could be fought off. But in recent years sappers and miners have been at work all around the edges of the Hill and trade trenches have been creeping up the slopes, nearer to the Morgan citadel.

Now well may the defenders cry treason, for openly allied with these business assailants appears the Astor Estate, which owns property on the Hill along Madison Avenue. It is not the American branch of the family that dares defy the house of Morgan, but Baron Astor of Hever Castle, he who expatriated himself to live in England. His property in New York is managed under the name of the Astor Estate, while the American branch operates under the name of Vincent Astor.

It is sentimentally sad to see old landmarks go, but the march of progress is sometimes as devastating as the march of barbarian invaders. Nor can any man correctly predict its results. The downtown regions that were favored residential quarters before the Civil War are covered, some by magnificent business buildings and some by tumbledown tenements. Murray Hill, now coveted by business as exclusive in its line as present residences are in social scale, is just as likely to lose its quality a few years hence.

The contest between Astor and Morgan for the future character of a few blocks of mid-town New York adds unusual interest to this constant evolution of the Metropolis. If only the elder J. P. M. were alive, what a fight there would be.

## Questions and Answers.

**Q. S. NO. 1472 VYSE AVENUE.**—Original percentage agreement holds. **A. WORLD READER.**—For naturalization papers apply United States Court, Post-Office Building, Take Witness. See World Almanac, page 111.  
**Q. L. PRESCOTT.**—If you swear that to the best of your knowledge and belief you were born in the United States you can vote.  
**U. S. FORMINE.**—To become an American citizen if your parents were not naturalized either marry an American man or take out naturalization papers through U. S. Court.

## A String to It!

By J. H. Cassel



## Just a Wife (Her Diary)

Edited by Janet Trevor  
 Copyright, 1916, by The Free Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).  
 CHAPTER XLIV.

**S**EPT. 19.—When Ned came home last night, just before dinner, he let himself in ever so softly. But I heard him and in a moment I was in the hall. He turned at the sound of my step, with a face so white and with pits under his eyes so deep and dark that for a second a fear clutched my heart. Then I just said, "Ned, darling!" and his arms were around me, my head was on his shoulder.

When I was allowed to disengage myself I said cheerfully, "Now we're not going to talk about anything till after dinner. It will be ready in ten minutes."

We had the jolliest dinner, even though Ned was tired. I had ordered roast duckling, fruit salad and an ice which is his special favorite. And I wore my prettiest house gown, a lavender-and-white affair that matched the sweetness in the centre of the table.

Somewhat I felt as if I were welcoming Ned home from a long journey instead of a brief absence of two days. It was wonderful to smile and talk in the old familiar way, instead of preserving a stiff silence and avoiding each other's glances.

After dinner we went into the living room. I made Ned take the big chair and I sat on the arm of it—with his arm around me.

"Oh, Mollie, I'm glad you've come back to me," he sighed. "For days I've felt as if I'd lost you. I had no business to speak to you as I did about Dawson, although I—"

"It was all my fault, dear," I interrupted. "I am so ashamed of myself now. But for a little while I'm afraid I almost believed that to please Mrs. Winthrop you were going to testify against your real convictions. You seemed so sure, at first, of his sanity, and you dwell on the power of that woman's money."

"I'm jealous of nothing except your honor, dear," I told him simply. Then I described the lawyer's visit, and how he had hated the two other eminent physicians who believed Dawson to be insane."

"Yes, we're all agreed," Ned remarked. "A trifle heavily," I told me, Mollie, he then demanded, drawing my head around so that he could look straight into my eyes, "If I ever should do something of which you didn't approve, you wouldn't throw me overboard, would you?"

For a second the old doubts and fears rushed over me. With a desperate effort I banished them. "Don't suggest such a thing, dearest," I begged him. "I love you so much that I should always be yours whatever you did. But because there is so much respect and pride and faith

## Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

Copyright, 1916, by The Free Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).  
**B**ACHELORS' hearts are like dairy lunch chinaware—much battered and chipped and worse for wear, but practically non-breakable.

This is the time of year when a man offers you a pound of vanity, an ounce of sentiment and a handful of impertinence—and calls it "love."

One reason why a man's love for his horse or his dog lasts so much longer than his love for a woman is probably because he can love them whenever he happens to be in the mood and forget them when he doesn't.

Ignorance may be bliss, but most girls would gladly exchange it for the thrill of the first real heartache.

Most men look upon marriage as a sort of coartroom, where they can check a woman and leave her until the fun is over and they are ready to go home.

When a man tells another something that isn't so, it's "a lie," but when he tells it to a woman, it's merely "expediency."

If the average man could remain as cool and unmoved in the face of a woman's smiles as he does in the face of her tears, one would feel just like immortalizing him.

If a woman is easily kissed it is apt to put an end to a man's intentions, and if she isn't it is apt to put an end to his attentions. So what can a poor girl do?

A wife is the bread and meat of life; but alas, it takes so many relishes, entrees and side dishes to satisfy a man's sentimental hunger and give the love feast piquancy.

## A Feather as an X-Ray Lens

**T**HE outline of the bones in the hand may be seen by holding it before a strong light and looking through a lens made of a piece cut from the tip of a feather, says a contributor to Popular Mechanics. The sketch shows such a lens, which is mounted in a small piece of cardboard that may be carried in the pocket, and which affords diversion wherever exhibited. The device is made as follows: Procure a soft white feather from a fowl and cut off the tip as indicated in the upper sketch. Cut a piece of cardboard about two inches wide and six inches long. Fold it to form a folder three inches long and cut a hole one-quarter inch in diameter through both parts of it. Glue the tip of the feather between the folder at the hole, taking care that the fibres lie flat and that no rib is exposed. Glue the edges of the folder and the device is ready for use. Hold



When we have one fact found out, we are very apt to supply the next out of our own imagination.—HOLMES.

In my love, you would hurt me horribly if you ever were not the Ned I believe you to be. I thought he sighed a little, but probably I was mistaken, for he smiled almost at once and drew me close to him in a great hug. "My girl," he murmured fondly, "My own girl, it's a rotten time I've been giving you the last few days. That inquiry will take place in a day or two, and then we'll forget the whole thing. Dawson will be well looked after, so don't bother your pretty head any more. By the way, did I tell you that Mrs. Winthrop sails for Europe this day week? She says she'll be abroad all winter."

I am NOT jealous—but I can't help thinking that is the best news I have heard for a long time.

## Dollars and Sense.

By H. J. Barrett.

The One Best Method of Distribution.

**W**HEN I was younger," said a business man, "I hoped some day to have acquired a sufficiently broad grasp of distributive methods to be able to analyze a product's possibilities and render an infallible verdict as to the one best channel for its course to the consumer. But now I know that this is an impossible ideal."

"There are too many possible channels; one may prove successful for one man and another for a competitor marketing identically the same article."

"Many and diverse are the courses which may be pursued. Among them are: a, manufacturer to jobber to dealer to consumer; b, manufacturer to dealer to consumer; c, manufacturer to consumer via the mail; d, manufacturer to consumer through salesmen, or, rather, agents, and so on. "Then there are, of course, manufacturers whose product is never sold to the consumer but given as premiums by newspapers and other premium users."

"Now if called upon to market a tea or coffee, what policy would you pursue? You'd seek distribution through grocers, hotels and restaurants, wouldn't you? Suppose some one suggested that a corps of agents could successfully market it from house to house. You'd say it couldn't be done. The unit consumption per family is not enough to warrant so costly a method. A canvasser could not earn his day's pay—that would be your verdict."

"And that is exactly how the greatest distributors of teas and coffees in the country operate. They give a handsome per centage as a premium. Therefore a solicitor calls for weekly orders. This method is economically utterly unsound. It concentrates the labor of hundreds of solicitors for a non-productive service which the community does not need. And it has scored a colossal success. What's the answer? Merely that you can't distribute a solicitor call for weekly orders. There is no one small proportion of successful marketing of a product."

"Would any sane man have predicted that a bulky article like a mattress could have been marketed through the mail? In the first place, it's an article which is bought but a few times in a lifetime. This means that but a very small proportion of the advertisement's readers would be in the market at the time they read it. And furthermore the shipping expense on a single mattress is very heavy. Did the mail order plan succeed? Ask the Ostermoe Company. "Scores of similar instances could be cited. In the case of many articles, there is no one best method of distribution. A choice is offered. Some concerns adopt many, and under false names figure on covering the entire range of possibilities."

## Stories of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces  
 By Albert Payson Terhune

### THE AFFAIR AT COULTER'S NOTCH. By Ambrose Bierce.

**T**HE Confederate Army was in retreat. Its commander had placed a battery of twelve guns in front of a big plantation house to check the pursuing Federals until the Confederate rear-guard could get safely away.

Up came the Federal vanguard, consisting of a single division—too small a force to engage the retreating enemy or to waste lives uselessly in charging the twelve-gun battery that shielded the Southerners' retreat.

To the amazement of his staff, the Federal Major General ordered Capt. Coulter, an artillery officer, to move a single big gun to an exposed position in a mountain notch overlooking the plantation house and to open fire on the twelve-gun battery.

To the greater amazement of every one who knew him, the usually fearless Coulter turned deathly pale and seemed inclined to refuse. But he suddenly recovered his nerve, saluted, and galloped off. A few minutes later the gun was in place and had opened fire with murderous precision upon the Confederate battery and upon the defenders of the house behind it.

The battery replied, centering its fire on the single Union cannon. The affair at Coulter's Notch (as the conflict was later called) had begun.

Two Federal staff officers stood commenting on their General's madness in ordering such an attack and on the gallant Coulter's strange reluctance to obey.

"Do you happen to know," asked one of them, "that Coulter is from the South?" Last summer the division which the General then commanded was in the vicinity of Coulter's home for weeks. The General made the acquaintance of Coulter's family. There was trouble—something about Coulter's wife. She is a good wife and a highbred lady. There was a complaint to Army Headquarters.

The two officers stared at each other. Now they understood why the vindictive General had given Coulter so perilous a job to-day.

Coulter's gun by this time had wrought fearful havoc in the enemy's battery and on the plantation house. His own gun crew had been well-nigh wiped out by the Confederates' return fire. But Coulter—pewer, stained, black with grime and smeared with blood—fought on, undaunted.

Presently the Southern battery retired, as its task of protecting the retreating Confederate rear-guard was achieved. And the Union troops moved down from the Notch to the abandoned plantation.

The once beautiful house had been hammered from cellar to roof-tree by Coulter's unerring artillery fire. Three of the Confederate guns had been disabled.

A Colonel took up his temporary headquarters in the battered plantation house, first making a tour of the building. In the cellar he came upon three horrible figures.

On the debris-strewn floor lay a woman and a baby, both dead and terribly mangled. They had doubtless fled to the cellar for safety when the bombardment began.

Above them crouched a powder-blackened man who clasped the two dead bodies in his arms, weeping uncontrollably. At sight of the Federal intruders the man staggered to his feet.

"What are you doing here?" asked the Colonel.

"This house belongs to me, sir," replied the man. "These are my wife and child. I am Capt. Coulter."

Our greatest glory consists not in never failing, but in rising every time we fall.—GOLDSMITH.

## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Copyright, 1916, by The Free Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

**M**RS. JARR had been downtown, who pride themselves on their angelic dispositions the more I see that it is nothing but a serene selfishness that actuates them."

"Well, it's better than worrying, no matter what's the reason," remarked Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, that's easy enough for you to say, when you have had a good wife who waits on you hand and foot, and nice children who are no worry to you, and an easy position with no annoyance—at least you don't show it, so I suppose there are no annoyances connected with your work. But if you had to be a street car conductor or the President of the United States, with everybody nagging at you and finding fault with you and criticizing you for things you could not help—then you wouldn't be so easy going."

"Well, I don't know about that," said Mr. Jarr. "I guess I've got as many worries connected with the earning of my daily bread as anybody else has. But I'm paid for those troubles. It's only the worries thrust upon me, that I am not compensated for, that disturb me. I notice that these positions to which so much responsibility is attached are the ones that people seek most eagerly. Of course the President has his troubles and so has everybody, from soda clerks to the ticket sellers in the subway. But those are the worries in the day's work. They are paid for those worries. If all jobs, big and little, went along without trials and tribulations anybody could fill them."

"Oh, that's easy enough for you to say. But does poor Mr. Jarr get paid for his car being smashed? How would you take it if it were your automobile disabled before you had a chance to ride in it?"

"It would make me mad as thunder," said Mr. Jarr. "I wouldn't be able to pay for the repairs. But Mr. Jarr has enough money to get a dozen new cars—in that way he's paid for his troubles too."

"But Mrs. Jarr said it was her opinion that nothing worried Mr. Jarr, because he had such a selfish disposition."

"Oh, well, I have troubles of my own," replied Mr. Jarr.

"You have troubles?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Nothing seems to worry you. Everybody says to me, 'Look at Mr. Jarr! We never saw a man with such a beautiful disposition, such an even temper! Huh! They should see you at home. And even if you were as good tempered as you pretend to be, I don't see anything to brag about!'"

The more I learn to know these people

## Facts Not Worth Knowing

By Arthur Baer

Copyright, 1916, by The Free Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).  
**P**ICKPOCKETS can be foiled by painting decoy pockets on your hat and shoes.

It isn't necessary to feed flies by hand.

No tenants would complain if the roof leaked hot and cold water.

A giraffe is about twelve feet tall from his bunions to his earache.

A biscuit gets no wetter when submerged to a depth of 36,245 feet than it does when only three feet under the surface.

Travellers in the Sahara Desert are never annoyed by bumping into Are plugs.

It is impossible to whisper across the Pacific Ocean, as the acoustics are bad.